

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 33.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

WHOLE NO., 85.

## The Principles of Nature.

### CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY

We read a great deal of Psychometry and Clairvoyance, as though they were radically and fundamentally different sciences. There seems to me, however, no valid ground for any distinction between them. They appear to be essentially the same power, and regulated by the same laws of mind. Perhaps attention has not been hitherto drawn to their identity. Clairvoyance is Spiritual vision. What else is Psychometry? Is it not the same faculty in different degrees, and somewhat differently applied? The vision of the clairvoyant is clear and strong in proportion to the impressibility of his brain, and the consequent depth of his trance. It may be had in all degrees, from a slight, abstracted state of the mind from outward objects, constitutional with some persons, to the profoundest magnetic sleep. Just as the external avenues or organs of sense are closed up and paralyzed, and the body rigid and corpse-like, is the internal vision brightened and purified. Just in the degree of the body's death is the development and strength of the clear-seeing faculty. The best clairvoyants are those whose sleep is so deep, and whose physical organs are so deathlike, rigid, and cold, that the Spirit can scarce get outer expression of what it sees in tacit whispers, broken sighs, deep breathings, and meaning smiles. When the body is completely dead, then the vision is completely enfranchised. When we are dead, we shall then all be clairvoyants in the several degrees of our inherent powers and Spiritual development. But it is a mistake to suppose that this power is not possessed, to a greater or less extent, by every person, even in their normal mundane life. It perpetually gleams out, unmistakably in persons of impressible temperaments, and who may be called naturally clairvoyant. It is latent in all persons, but, like any other faculty, we find it in various degrees of strength and excellence. In some it is weak and obscure, and in others it is highly developed, strong, and clear. The trance is only a means of disencumbering it of the obscuring clouds and fogs of external sense, but it may be, and often is, so developed as to operate to a high degree normally.

But the clairvoyant must be placed in rapport with whatever he wishes to see and describe. This is a pre-requisite of all clear seeing, and is an indispensable law of Spiritual vision, and truly really means Spiritual presence. This Spiritual presence enables the clear seer to see and describe the person or thing, as though normally present, and within the reach of ordinary vision. If you wish a person or place at a distance described, you must indicate to the clairvoyant the name of that person or place, or give him that person's handwriting, lock of hair, or simple autograph, or a piece of stick, or tree, or rock from that place, in order to bring his mind into connection with them, when he goes on and gives you their delineation, as though present and seeing them with his ordinary vision. If this rapport be not formed, there can be no clear sight nor description of them—all is dark and unknown. If I wish a clairvoyant to go three squares distant, and read a letter for me, locked with triple bolt and bar in my safe, I would first have to connect his mind with it, or with the person who wrote it, the safe, or some other person or thing involved in the writing of it and its deposit, etc. This done, he traces it all out, step by step, and finally reads the letter for me. You must bring him to the chain of causes and effects at some point, or connect him with it by some means, or else he can do nothing for you. The most trivial thing will serve to form this connection, or direct the vision of the clairvoyant to the object of investigation—any thing connected with the person or place, such as a name, a letter, or any thing once possessed by the person or taken from the place. I once knew a clairvoyant who could distinguish the gold of California from any other gold by simply taking it into her hand, and the California gold would bring her in rapport with the "diggins" whence it was taken, and she would go on to describe them in detail. Now what is Psychometry but the exercise of this same power, by a highly impressible person or natural clairvoyant, in the delineation of character, when a rapport is formed by a manuscript or autograph? Suppose you place the manuscript in the hands of an entranced clairvoyant, and tell him to describe the character of the writer, when he goes on to give you his moral and physical peculiarities with great accuracy and particularity. What else does the psychometer do? Is not the power or faculty the same in each, only the clairvoyant requires to be entranced to develop it, while the other has it in such degree, or normally developed to such extent, as to delineate the character without being entranced? I am unable to trace any essential difference. They seem to me, beyond doubt, to be the same faculty, only in the one case artificial means are required to bring it out, while in the other it is normally developed. I am aware that it will be said that the psychometer gets his information by impressions made upon the brain, while the clairvoyant gets his by a vision that extends to or goes out and embraces the object. But is this really so? Is it not a fallacy?

When the rapport is formed in either case, the vision is active and on the alert, and watching to see and describe. The vision of the one extends as much to the person as the vision of the other, and is equally "impressed" with the character. The power by which the clairvoyant examines persons or places, or diseased patients at a distance, is the same power by which the psychometer reads and describes the character of unknown and distant persons. Wherein is the difference? And if they are separate and distinct faculties, where are the lines of demarcation? In my opinion they will be hard to find. They are the same power called by different names, merely because disclosed under somewhat different external circumstances. They are as much the same science as guessing and mensuration, or biography and history. Psychometry is only a special application of clairvoyance, by persons in whom the clairvoyant faculty is normally developed. There are many such persons. I know many. I am acquainted with some persons who can place themselves in rapport with a person or place, and abstracting their minds from all outer objects, pretty accurately trace out their true features and characteristics. Zehokke was such a person. By placing himself in rapport with a stranger to him, and withdrawing his attention from all external sense, he could see the character and life of that person pass before him in dreamlike panorama, from his earliest youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age.

It hence appears that psychometry is so new and independent discovery, and that it is essentially identical with clairvoyance. That the sum of the discovery lies in the fact that some persons are naturally clear-seeing or highly impressible, and can use this power efficiently without being entranced. If there is really any intrinsic difference, let it be pointed out and elaborated by those competent to the task by study and experiment. Let the lines of demarcation be plainly drawn; let the peculiarities of each be distinctly stated; their several laws announced; the points of coincidence and dissimilarity pointed out; and let us have a clear understanding of the whole matter. For my part, I am unable to perceive any tenable ground for a scientific division, and I am opposed to complexing a science by a variety of names and imaginary distinctions. Long before psychometry was ever heard of, Dr. Sherwood, of New York, diagnosed and prognosed the condition of his distant patients by placing their letters in the hands of his clairvoyants.

Pittsboro, November 28, 1853.

### DEATH OF THE SPIRITUALIST.

Spoken by Wm. R. Martin, at the Mediums' Meeting, at Wyman's Hall, St. Louis, Nov. 30, 1853.

#### BROTHER MODERATOR:

I feel this morning like interfering with the usual course of our meeting, to refer to the departure from this sphere of our sister CATHERINE DE WOLFE, consort of our much-loved brother and co-laborer in the cause of truth, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, of Hartford, Conn.

The public prints of the past few days, and the lips on the street, say that sister Davis is dead! In our grossness of vision, through our external organs, we can see but the vacant chair; yet we know—who of us can be deaf to the voice that tells us—she is not dead! The clay that wrapped a Spirit has decayed, as we know it will decay; the mortal covering has fallen, as we see and know it will fall; but sister Davis has only "gone up higher."

I stand here to-day, sir, not as the world has been taught to stand on like occasions. While that world would write in anxiety respecting the eternity of her they mourned, I come with firm heart and reasonable mind to speak of one who has left us only to put on the more enduring robe of immortal truth.

The heart that once beat for the weak and helpless of her mortal sphere is motionless; the hand that once stretched charity to the poor and needy of the earth, is still; the eye that once gladdened and cheered companion and friends, is glazed; but the Spirit that moved those limbs and exerted those organs is now more joyous and free! The affection and sympathy of that heart and mind are still alive and energetic; a stronger and more beautiful hand is already out upon its earthly associates; an eye more sweet and tranquil is sparkling even while I speak—brightens even while we slumber. And I am moved to say, that could we now pierce through the cloak that hides our Spiritual being, we might behold, in all the beauty, grandeur, and simplicity of angelic life, her at whose departure some will now wipe a tear, and on the margin of whose grave the world would linger in all the doubt, confusion, and perplexity of an old and erroneous faith.

The Spiritualist does not as others die. The change called Death, to our sister, was like the coming and the going of seasons. The cold, ice-bound winter of earth melted away into heavenly spring, and flowers of immortal bloom now deck the brow of once flickering mortality. The moment of dissolution brought no painful doubts to her mind, it aroused no fear in her bending companion. No burning lava was here

thrown upon a departing Spirit—no ungenerous pang hurled to friendly bosoms. Her Spirit came forth gladly from its worn-out form of clay, and accompanied by anxious guardians, floated away to its happy and congenial home in the second sphere.

Is it not, then, after all, sweet to die? Who does not long to join our sister in her own Spiritual realm, there to roam with her the peopled planets and distant worlds on high? Sir, I ask not to be snatched away in an unprepared moment from the kind heart and friendly grasp of this circle. It is no desire of mine to be crushed like the tiny flower, ere I become disrobed of the weights that bear out from my interior being the genial ways of truth. Nay! rather would I wish to unfold like that flower, and, standing like it upon my own native soil, send forth only my own natural fragrance. This is all I ask. Then I could die like my sister, and, like her, go up among the immortals of another sphere. As that flower grew and became strong in the natural earth, so would I feel truth grow and strengthen in the natural man. As the rays of the sun developed and sweetened that flower, so would I await the rays of truth upon my immortal germ—so would I develop and become strong. But to die like my sister, in full consciousness that, so far as she was able, good use was made of the talents intrusted to her care; in full consciousness that, so far as mortality was concerned, nature had done her best; in equally full consciousness that the breathings from the interior were more than realized; that sister did meet sister—that brother did meet brother—that husband did meet wife—that wife did meet husband—that parent did meet children—that children did cling to parents—Oh! thus to die, who does not wish? Thus to die, sir, is the only real pleasure I expect on earth!

We talk much and loud of death, yet seldom do we reason naturally thereon. We see the germ of that little flower, which, during a long, dark night, lies cramped and chilled beneath an external covering, unfolding with the warmth and brightness of the succeeding morning, and bathing itself in dew! We see the earth heaved by a struggling something, so tender and minute, we know not what; we watch its course, and soon behold a new-comer in life. Something has progressed to this sphere of light and sun, and dews and seasons. Something is being developed in vigorous life. Onward, upward, onward it goes, strengthening, glowing, spreading, blooming! A germ is there—a principle, a law is there. Nature is undisturbed, and the next hour we look upon the lofty, active, living, fragrant tree!

In such a picture we can all see nature and her philosophy; but when she comes in the returning spirit, or in the change called death, our eyes are closed, our ears stopped. No, no. We can not face her then. We forget at this moment how mysteriously, yet how beautifully, she drew the "brave old oak" from the tiny acorn. Is it hard to believe that a principle similar to this would accompany the germ—the spirit in us—up to our immortal home? Is it unreasonable to suppose that the law applied to us would operate as with the tree? As the principle of progression entwined itself about that germ, and developed it into the full-grown tree, will it not cling to us and plant us erect among our congenial associates of the Spirit-world? Surely it will, if we are immortal beings. Nature is good, and kind, and wise; and we should learn to look her just as full in the face of death as in that of life.

The traditions and customs of earlier and darker days, I know, are upon us, and hang like weights about our spirits. They live with, and are sustained by us; they go with us down to the grave, making death horrible; and would that I could record the fact that they were long since buried with our bodies, never more to rise! But the reverse is history. They are hugged close to the bosoms of our survivors, to await other last scenes. And we have been taught—we are now taught—that it is wrong to question that which has been smoothed over and held up as established. The human mind has been shackled; the senses have been darkened; our very beings have been caged respecting that called sacred. Too many brothers and sisters have been buried in what is called "Divine Mystery."

It was the pleasure of her of whom I now speak to be free from the fetters of earthly creeds. The divine part of her own being had felt the joy of heavenly comfort, of heavenly wisdom, of heavenly love, of heavenly truth! Her final pillow gave no pain, because surrounded by those who breathed in a longer, sweeter, serene life. Ah! here was the triumph of truth and purity—here was the triumph of Spiritualism over the rough masonry of God-fearing creeds! Here was the triumph of reality over painful fancy. The more control this thing called death gained over the flesh, the closer departed friends gathered about a coming sister! The more icy the pale forehead, the more fervent and happy the glow of a freed Spirit! Every twitching of the nerves, if such there were, comes home to us now as but the sudden manifestation of anxiety to cast aside the tattered garments of earth! Every quiver of the lip aside to waiting guardians, "I'm coming!" I'll soon be free, like you! Or, if not this, to the mourning friend or relative

he hoped, "Do not weep for me; I'm with you still!" These, we all know, are only the realities of our cause; these are the realities of that philosophy now spurned by an ignorant and enslaved world.

What mean these death-bed scenes? Whence floweth the sea of delight into which so many departing Spirits seem to be engulfed? What is it that causes the very heart so oft, at this death-hour, to swell with emotions of inexpressible joy, and essay almost to bound its earthly tenement? Is there nothing in all this? Must we, too, let those scenes go by, as but the unexplained mysteries of our nature? Is there such a philosophy—a reality—here, that chases away the gloom which so long has enveloped the sepulcher? Do we not behold in these death-bed expressions the most complete refutation of the popular theology? Is there nothing more revealed to us, at this moment, than the "dark valley" of which we have read and heard so much? Surely there must be.

It was for me, some years ago, to stand beside a very dear friend, as his Spirit left the body. It was long before I had been arrested by the realities of the Harmonical Philosophy, and my mind was much perplexed concerning his success at the bar of the curious Judge that sat on high. The circumstances attending his death were singularly beautiful. One day, in attempting to examine the foot of his horse, the heavy iron shoe came down upon his fore-finger, nearly severing it from the hand. A prompt physician soon bandaged up the shattered part, and the patient went his way. It was mid-summer. Forty-eight hours after the accident he sought a lady friend who seemed to enjoy all his confidence (and from whose lips I gained the information), and unfolded his thoughts in these words: "My sister, be not alarmed—I will soon die. The doctor should have taken off the finger. As it is, mortification is coming, and death speaks to me from every part of my system. Lock-jaw will soon be upon me, and I may not again be able to speak. While I can do so I will state my desires, so that when I am gone you may know what to do." He then made known every feeling of his heart and mind. This conversation took place about three in the afternoon about the same hour of the next day he was down with the lock-jaw. During the three days of his sickness he never spoke, nor could a drop of water be administered except with a feather. It was, I think, about the hour of eleven, on the last night, that, with his friends and physician, I stood expecting to lose him in one of the many swoons into which he so rapidly fell. These continued till about midnight, when, in a spasm, and with a heavy struggle, he fell back lifeless upon his pillow!

I left content, and turned to leave the room, when my eyes rested upon the active efforts of the doctor to start once more the blood through the veins of one whom I thought dead. The movement of a muscle brought hope to me, and in the labors of the physician I became much interested. Suddenly the body gave signs of life; and what were our feelings, the next moment, when the patient opened his eyes, and, in a clear, sweet voice, said, "Doctor, why did you bring me back? I was so happy!" He would have spoken further, but the jaws locked, and he again fell back, with sealed eyes, upon his pillow. Similar efforts were used to restore the pulse, but without success. This time his Spirit had gone home!

How it was with others, I am not prepared to say, but my own feelings then can not now be imparted. A life of thought rushed into a moment! I had been taught to despise the very powers and influences to which he bowed and yielded on earth. Death came, and he was "so happy!" Would I be so in the same condition?

My very brain was reeling in the most painful doubt and misgiving, as, alone, early the following morning, I approached the body of my friend, now ready for the sod. Who put the smile upon that cold cheek? His final strength seemed to have been concentrated into an expression of the most joyous surprise. What power opened the closely-locked jaws, which for three days had never moved in speech? What, at such a moment, could fill a departing Spirit with joy, and cause it to say to the world, "Why bring me back—I am so happy!" Again I ask what caused the last breath of my dying brother to send a smile to the face?

But I have kept you too long with that scene. I traced back to but one of the many beautiful manifestations that now find a place in our library of facts, and which go to strengthen and beautify the only natural belief ever entertained respecting death and the immortality of the soul.

Sister Davis is now with the immortals of another sphere, and we should feel content. We should feel thus because she is happy, and because she is now better prepared to receive and impart to earth the bright realities of her new home. Nay, more. We should bless, study, and acquaint ourselves with the power that relieved her spirit of the acerbity root of earth. He is not a good Spiritualist who fears the approach of death; neither can he be one who deprecates death's work. Our philosophy presents death in all the beauty and usefulness of a natural law, and he is no Spiritualist, I repeat, who does not study that law.

I have said that the Spiritualist does not as others die, and

believe me, the thought comes back upon my memory with a double force. When the germ that sleeps within this mortal trunk is awakened from its lethargy by the silvery tones of some angel-voice, I can not die like others. When the sweet music from that other world charms my soul from the discord and confusion of earth, I can not die as others die. When my eye is made to look glad by the gentle breathing of a returning messenger, I can not die as others die. When I, moved by the inspiration of developed guardians, clutched with the will of an immortal being the depressing conclusions of an ignorant world, I was not prepared to die like my sectarian neighbor. When I, obeying the kind injunctions of the invisible brothers and sisters that "awaken the shores of eternity," gathered in the scattered remnants of what Nature intended to be a perfect and developed organism, I could not die as others die. When I, in a word, unlocked my Spirit of all that looked or felt like error, my death-bed could not be like others.

Let us, then, my brothers and sisters, speak and act like sensible men and women, even while the voice of death is in the air! For myself, I feel satisfied that our great truth does indeed go with us to the coffin, and throwing its immortal arms about the shrouded form of my sister, raises her in renewed vigor, and health, and strength, to a higher and better existence!

### YELLOW FEVER.

The following interesting Spiritual communication was forwarded to me on October last, as will appear from the date of Mr. Gamble's letter. By some means it was mislaid and forgotten, until a polite note from G. revived it in our memory and led to its discovery. The suggestions are certainly curious and may be highly important. We publish the article verbatim, trusting that our friend will pardon the delay which attends its appearance.—Ed.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7, 1853.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.

Gentle—I received the enclosed communication September 1st, 1853. It purports to emanate from the Spirit-sphere. As far as I am concerned, as respects its source, I can say, in all sincerity, that the subject-matter of it is wholly unknown to me. Nor had I, as far as my knowledge extends, any agency in its production. I have shown it to several physicians, who were much pleased with it, and advised its being published. But I have withheld it until now, and finally send it to you for two reasons:

First. Because it will explain the cause why those passengers, who vomited freely, after leaving New Orleans in the steamer Georgia, did not take the yellow fever, while the steamer, who did not vomit, contracted the disease.

Second. The passengers threw up the stomachic-vindication from the stomach, while the sailors retained them.

Second I accidentally met a laborer yesterday, who stated to me that out of the fourteen persons who boarded in the same house with him, where the yellow fever was raging, none took the fever and died, while five, of whom he was one, escaped. He could not account for this, but said the five men worked at the gas works.

These facts have induced me to forward this communication to you. The truth of the communication can soon be ascertained without any danger being incurred by those who are now subject to the disease.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. S. GAMBLE.

The Principles connected with the Production of Yellow Fever, and the Cause thereof, with a Dissertation on the Disease and its Remedies, with Suggestions treating the Best Means for its Eradication.

Yellow fever presents in its first aspect, the debilitated action of the muscular coats of the stomach.

Secondly. The venous system is not productive of that force which it should have.

Thirdly. The nervous system is now attacked, which causes violent contortions of that system, producing the Hippocratic face.

Fourthly. Then disorganization of the blood in the heart and arteries takes place, and a dark-colored substance is effused upon the coats of the stomach, and is thrown off in the form of "black vomit."

Now, as we have the effects, what is the cause? There are as many theories for this cause as there are medical scribbles. And the reason is, that each has his favorite theory which he wishes substantiated by the practice of others.

In the outset of this fever the powers of the stomach are debilitated. What causes this debility?

We answer, an accumulation of bile, caused by inhaling the malaria impregnated with sufficient electricity. This produces a species of worm, call the stomachic-ectilaria, which insidiously works into the mucous coats of the stomach and produces gastric irritation. When this occurs, fever ensues, and the capillary vessels are involved in the difficulty, which causes what is called the first or hot stage. It should itself lie in the yellow tinge of the eyes and the coats of the body.

Now have set in upon the patient all the main principles of the disease—the others are only concomitants.

In the diagnosis of yellow fever we have but to observe the peculiar features it first assumes. If a violent itching takes place at first, then we have reason to conclude that much of the stomachic's coats is involved in the difficulty. Consequently we may note it down, as a fixed fact, that the disease will be of such a character as to require the exercise of all the skill we possess to dislodge it from its position in the body.

First, administer to the patient, in suitable proportions, gum







## NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS

Reported Photographically by T. J. Ellis.

On Tuesday evening, December 1st, the conference was attended by a

large and attentive audience.

The first object of the conference was to give an opportunity to the

mediums to give an account of their powers, and to give an opportunity to the

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## Original Communications.

## JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. DEXTER IN BOSTON.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Allow me a short space in your columns to inform you

of the result of the short Spiritualist visit we have had the pleasure

of enjoying in the lecture and social intercourse of Judge Ed-

monds and Dr. Dexter; as also to thank those gentlemen, in

behalf of the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity, for the op-

portunity they have thus afforded them for a renewal of their

faith and strengthening of their hopes.

It was generally known that the Judge and Dr. D. were to

visit our city, and for a week previous to their arrival it had

been the topic of conversation, not only among Spiritualists,

but unbelievers, and even the most rigid skeptics in the truths

of Spirit-life and action.

The Judge and his worthy colleague arrived on Thursday

morning. During the day their room was the constant scene

of earnest greetings and congratulations, such as Spiritualists

could well hope to give and receive.

One of the largest halls in the city, capable of holding three

thousand persons, was well-filled long before the time appointed

for the commencement of the lecture. There was, indeed,

what might be called in common parlance, "a perfect rush."

The audience was as intelligent as any ever gathered in this

some what staid and, in many respects, peculiar city. It was

composed of men of all professions and all opinions, half of

whom, probably, had never read or heard any thing upon the

subject which then called them together, except the sneering

paragraph too often found on the pages of the public press.

An excellent volutary on the origin tended to harmonize

the minds of the vast audience. The services were commenced

and carried on religiously without any marked adherence to

formalism. This feature was highly commendable, and was

pleasing to all true Spiritualists in all their meetings, whether

large or small. The view that some have of such gatherings,

that the less order the more liberty, is an extreme which we

were well guarded against by all friends of the cause.

"Order is Heaven's first law." Every thing, from the minutest

particle of matter to the broadest system in the universe of

God, follows this law.

An invocation was read by Dr. Dexter, full of sublime

thought and the boldest aspirations. Then followed a vocal

performance by the "Singing Sisters," next reading by Dr.

D., and then a song, "Voices from the Spirit-land," by the

favorite vocalists.

When Judge Edmonds arose, the audience were about to

greet him with applause, but were prevented from doing so by

the raised hand of the lecturer, and the impressive words,

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the world keep

silence before him." A solemn quiet at once pervaded the

audience. Never have I seen so marked an effect of a few

words. It seemed indeed that bright convays from Heaven

were there to guide in one direction and in sweet harmony

the united minds of the listeners. It had the effect, also, of

impressing the audience with the fact that it was no idle, tri-

fling matter they had met to discuss. The general opinion

that Spiritualism consists alone in "raps" and "tips" received,

at that moment, a just rebuke.

The object of the lecturer was not so much to convince his

hearers of the truth of Spiritualism, as to convince them of

its vast importance of truth, and thus to far enlist their sym-

pathies and create in their minds sufficient interest to induce

them to give it serious thought and a fair investigation.

He presented its importance as related to the various

conditions of man on earth. It makes men better. All the ex-

perience of the speaker went to prove the truth of this asser-

tion. It prevents crime. The hearts of men are open to this

unseen yet ever-present intelligence; and very many perpe-

trators of evil acts are now known, who themselves think that

the secret of their misdeeds is closely concealed in their

own bosom. What a powerful agency is this to prevent

crime by instilling in men's mind the principles of right, the

consciousness of the invisible presence of dear and loving

friends, or with the more ignorantly blinded, by forcing upon

their attention the absolute facts that unseen watchers are

near them and will disclose all their doings! It removes for-

ever those hushers of supernaturalism which have from time

immorial haunted the minds of men, and proves most con-

clusively that nothing can occur not in accordance with natural

laws. It comforts the mourner, dries up all her tears, and

bids her listen. She does so; and the sweet voice of him

whom she had thought lay buried in the grave, whispers in

gentle accents of his presence, his love, and his ministrations.

Doubt and gloom no longer, to the Spiritualist, shadow the

path that leads to future bliss. Bright are the flowers that

bloom on its banks; sweet the music that fills the air; and

glorious indeed the prospect before him. Death is indeed

robbed of all its terrors. It comes not to us as a remorseless

tyrant, crushing all we dearest beneath his ponderous

load, but as an angel of light, a messenger from God, who

calls to the doors of our prison-house may be opened, and the

ransomed soul go forth to mingle its song of love and praise

with those who approach nearer the throne of the Great

Eternal. Its lesson is the same as that which Jesus taught—

the lesson of love to God and man. Love is the corner-stone

in the foundation of its philosophy, and the cardinal point in

its doctrines. It opens to man his condition hereafter. Jesus

taught the reality of an existence after this life, but the many

things which pertained to that life he did not disclose, and

closed his teachings with the memorable words, "I have many

things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now." The

world has advanced eighteen hundred years, and thus it

has been placed in a position in which it can bear these

"many things," and they are now being presented. And

what is the reception? Now that faith becomes fact, how

it welcomed! The Christian world has for ages raised its

hands and prayed for the kingdom of Heaven to come. The

prayer is answered. New truths are being disseminated,

but, as in Christ's time, we hear the cry, "We have Moses

and the prophets, let us hear them," and let us hear the

old and reject all advanced views of God and his government—

man and his destiny.

I have given but a mere shadow of an outline of the lec-

ture's theme. During its delivery, which occupied about an

hour and a half, an almost breathless silence existed. Every

mind was led along the rational path of truth, and drank in

the beautiful and consistent philosophy of the reality and op-

erations of Spirit-intercourse with an earnestness seldom re-

called.

It was interesting to look upon that crowded auditory, and

in mind, compare it with one met for a similar purpose a few

years ago in Western New York. What a mighty advance!

Does it not show that a power more mighty than any on earth

has had to do with the cause we all love? Then they met in

a private room, facing more than human strength the up-

pressed finger of a waiting public, and related their experience,

compared their facts, and talked over their hopes. Bright and

holy beacons cheered them on. They told those early disciples

of a glorious truth—not to faint, for their brows were famed

by angel-wings; not to weary in the race set before them,

for their fast should be strengthened and made sure by

an omnipotent power, not to doubt of success, for a mightier

than man led the way. Thus encouraged they pressed on,

and now behold them with a million in the free country hand

in hand and heart in heart with them; and one city present-

ing an audience like that on this occasion. It was not an

audience of curiosity-hunters. It was one of thoughtful men

and women. There were minds there that were hoping the

news might be true, and that it was an actual fact that they

could hold sweet communion with those who have gone before

us into what has been deemed the shadowy realms of the future.

Nor were they all disappointed. Some saw its reasonable

ness, others its importance, and both determined to see for

themselves some of the manifestations occurring in all direc-

tions, despite the jeers of ignorance and the folly and stupidity

of bigoted minds.

Thus has much good been done in Boston. "If all these

things are true," says the thinking mind, "no tongue can speak

the value of the truths they impart, and for myself, I will ex-

amine the subject." Such must have been the conclusion

arrived at by hundreds on the night of the lecture. The very



